The Local Noodle

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Middlebury ROTC Officer Dies Instantly Upon Contact With Battlefield

When Robert E. Lee (no relation), '23, received his Second Lieutenant's commission from the United States Army upon his graduation last May, he was overjoyed. Every time Lt. Lee blessed Ross diners' eyes with his starched uniform and slightly oversized boots – at which he seemed to stare incessantly to avoid social interaction – he was dreaming of glorious and triumphant combat against Lady Liberty's enemies. Little did the Middlebury ROTC grad know, a far more gruesome fate awaited him in an obscure corner of the Third World.

"I didn't even know we were at war with Kyrgyzstan," said Impeerya Lizm, '25, one of the now-deceased officer's former friends at Middlebury. "But hey – whatever it takes to keep us free. Rest in power to Lt. Lee – but I think I'll be able to apply what I've learnt in the Middlebury history department to the battlefields of tomorrow with greater success."

"G-r-bbbhffoij ghgjfff … duhhhhh… ubbbbubb bububhbhbbb," said Major "Bubba" '21, Lt. Lee's former commander. "YAAAAAAY!!!" he added.

Staring down a wall of infidel-hating insurgents, Lee attempted to apply the conflict transformation skills he had gained from four years of a liberal arts education and moderate social isolation.

"Akshually, US-American culture isn't all about degeneracy and individualism," he said to the narco-Islamic Taliban-breakaway faction fighters, sticking a finger primly in the air and smiling smugly, "I think if we all sat down and talked out our differences, you guys would come to accept the neo-liberal way of life." Unfortunately, he was met with what many call 'the warm jihadist welcome,' and Lee's pleas of peace and brotherly love were immediately answered by a .50 caliber bullet gently kissing his forehead.

"I really thought that interspersing a couple jumping jacks and NERF wars within an Immersive™ and Globally Engaged™ Liberal Arts Education™ that is Broad-Based™, Well-Rounded™, Built on Critical Thinking™ and Compassionate Doing™, would churn out capable makers of war," said Lloyd E. Austin, Assistant to the US Secretary of Defense, in a puzzled tone. Within days, the Department of Defense threw together a focus committee to figure out how to improve the ROTC program.

Its conclusion? "Guhhhgggghhuuhhh GUGHGHGHGHGGH duhhh HeheHehehehee," said Brigadier General "Gumbo", US Central Command. "Meuhhh guuuhhhh dadadada. Bowhnnffdiiii HoooRAAAH… ghhhhhaaaa!"

Twelve Mountain Club Guides Become Six After Disastrous Burgin Lodge Retreat

While the Middlebury Mountain Club does not normally do anything of note, their most recent trip took a Donner turn as overnight snow kept twelve new guides trapped inside Burgin Lodge this past weekend. Faced with the forces of nature, members of the Mountain Club resorted to cannibalizing their own to survive. The six survivors were rescued Monday morning by Middlebury College's Ski Patrol who came across the scene on a leisurely tour of the freshly fallen five inches.

"It's terrible what happened, but also extremely avoidable. They were there for one night. We can all fast for one night. Where's their discipline? What the fuck," said Head Patroller Tyler "Ski-zy" Volkl, '24.5.

Details were not spared as the survivors recounted the scene of nibbled Blundstones, bloodied Carhartt jackets bearing the MMC Guide seal, and six fileted bodies.

"The events of that night have shaken me to my flabby core," said surviving, but now nine-fingered Mountain Club member, Fern River-Mountaintop '25.5. "One of my buddies, Rivermountain Stone-Fern, totally freaked out, gnawing at any limb, digit, or frozen boot that fell within his grasp."

River-Mountaintop became understandably distressed while recounting the events of that night and could not finish the interview, spending her last minutes with the Noodle wrapped in a Mylar emergency blanket and repeating, "Why he bited me? Why he bited me?"

While many Middlebury students are still in shock, one morally lenient History major has seen the event as a perfect case study for her final project. Manifesta Destiné '24, has mined her way into the scene of the crime, scavenging evidence and examining the tragedy's similarities to the infamous Donner Party.

"I don't believe in coincidences, the comparisons are just too perfect. Substitute Jeep Grand Cherokees for covered wagons, nicotine withdrawal for dysentery, and unhygienic Middlebury students for the hapless Donner family. Something is a-foot (yum)," said Destiné, licking her lips, "and Momma's firing up the grill."

Dr. Feel Good Steps Down Due to Plagiarism Allegations

Middlebury's long-beloved midnight stoner snack, the Dr. Feel Good, recently announced its decision to step down from its tenured position after its reputation has been torn to cheesy bits over virulent accusations of plagiarism. Essentially a greasy grilled cheese sandwich packed with moist chicken tenders, the Dr. Feel Good has announced that it will no longer hold the dominant position on the Grille's menu, due to the growing controversy surrounding its title and past academic work. Following the poignant and astute observation of an inebriated Grille-goer, many esteemed members of the Middlebury faculty have begun to doubt the accreditation of the sandwich, due to its shocking similarity to the less renowned Nurse Feel Good.

As SJ Warier, Visiting Assistant Professor of Gender, Sexuality, and Feminist Studies, puts it: "This is a cut and dry example of misogyny within the academic community. The Dr. Feel Good has blatantly plagiarized the recipe of the Nurse Feel Good, which calls for a grilled cheese with some choice of protein within its folds, and continues to profit from its undue prestige. The only difference between the two Grille offerings is that the Dr. Feel Good is just a little bit more specific. Yet considering our patriarchal society, it's no surprise that one is an accredited doctor, while the other is just a lowly and useless nurse."

Other members of the Middlebury community refuse to take sides in the ongoing debate, citing the stupidity of what many have begun to call "Cheesegate."

"I don't understand what all the hullabaloo is about these damn sammiches (sic.)," complains Trad Valyoos '25, a student with a Southern accent. "It's just a sammich (sic.). It ain't got no feelings and it certainly ain't got no God-given gender."

Ski Patrol Petitions for Parkas

Along with the induction of the newest class of Ski Patrollers comes a fresh set of ideas for the powder-babies. To learn more about the overly ambitious maneuvers to join the social ranks among the somewhat esteemed athletes on the Middlebury campus, the Local Noodle caught up with a brand new patrolman Imfram Vayl '26.

"I just feel like I should be getting inconsistently laid for doing this," Vayl said, before being asked any question about anything at all. "And thank you so much for asking about how I got started in my ski career," he added, answering yet another non-asked question. "See, it all started because my parents are actually step-siblings and their parents actually got involved in Salomon investing before Bella Hadid wore the Gore-Tex XT-6s, so you could say that my family can afford new skinning set-ups that can handle the West Coast powder."

To qualify for a spot on Ski Patrol, potential officers must undergo a grueling semester-long medical education process, be insufferable, perform countless hours of practicals, and own a second home near a top-15 ski resort in the country.

"I've put my work in. It's time I got a parka to show for it," bemoaned senior patroller Wined N. Whiney '24, "What I do is considered athletic and our community is even whiter than lacrosse's! Sure there are some differences: their parents wear Canada Goose jackets, my parents wear–well, Canada Goose–but we also have Arc'teryx in the rotation. If that ain't the diversity that this campus' athlete population desperately needs, then I don't know what is!"

After being informed by the Director of Athletics that in order to receive their parkas, they would be subject to both the NCAA drug testing protocols and GPA minimums, the patrollers rescinded their application.

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OSCAR FLEET	*Editor-in-Chief*	**EMMA TZOTSCHEW**	*Balkan American Princess*
ANDY CAO	*Goated*	**CASSIE ELISH**	*AWOL*
CAROLINE HARDING	*Disney Adult*	**AK PELLETIER**	*bare branch ancestor weep*
SKY ROBERTS-SALVADOR	*hotdog*	**GRIFF CLINTON**	*a dead lib is a good lib*
CECE CALDWELL	*Iberian Delight*	**LUCAS FLEMMING**	*"There's gotta be a way to make money on this"*
JACOB COLLIER	*whatthedogdoin*	**SOFIA SUTTER**	*Sleazy*
CESCA MEDEIROS	*1 Corinthians 10:13*	**JIM REILY**	*Cheesemonger*
OLIVIA CHEN	*206ickness*	**GINGER HANLON**	*Community Friend*
LUNA MCNEFF YEE	*Feb*	**THEO MCDONOUGH**	*The world is my oyster*
JACK COLGATE	*gewgaw*	**JOEY DISORBO**	*On Probation*

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EVIL 3 AM Skiing: (Gone Sexual???!!!)

Following the success of the Middlebury Snowbowl's new night skiing, the slope is now planning another extension of hours: EVIL 3am Skiing. The Snowbowl committee proposed the idea after pass holders complained that the skiing was just not exciting enough.

"Skiing has become too boring, too predictable." Said Thrilly Seeker '25, "Auto-erotically asphyxiating myself as I'm sending turns down the slopes isn't cutting it anymore. I need more stimulation. I need to be closer to death. I need EVIL!"

Seeking to answer the demands of the public, the Snowbowl has hired people from all walks of horror backgrounds – including, but not limited to – a couple hundred EVIL rabid bats, Stephen King, skinwalkers, and people who poop in Davis.

"But beware!" Warns Old Man Higgins '1923, the EVIL lift operator, "No respite shall await you upon completing a run, for the only food offerings to be found at the lodge? LUKEWARM CHOCOLATE WITH WHIPPED SLOP (18+) and EVIL CHILI—the water from the utensil bins at Proctor!"

The Snowbowl committee has also put an emphasis on maintaining complete darkness on the hill, so skiers will feel as unsafe as possible. They won't just have to worry about colliding with trees and plummeting off cliffs in the darkness, but will also have to keep their eye out for EVIL hypersexual ski racers CUMMING from the trees.

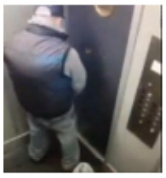
EVIL Ski Patrolman Malevolent Spooky Nightshade-Skeleton '25 emphasized that participants won't be able to avoid these nympho-alpinists, saying that "these guys and gals are just the horniest snow sporters you'll ever meet! They want your EVIL penis, but in the meantime, they'll be fucking the trails, Saltburn style."

The EVIL 3am Skiing will be extremely terrifying and spooky and scary and will triple the rate of injuries on the mountain. The Patrol squad has recommended that no one with EVIL colon issues and/or an EVIL gag reflex ski EVILLY at 3am.

DO NOT GO TO THE EVIL SNOWBOWL

The Local Noodle's In and Out List of 2024

IN	OUT
Peeing in elevators	Making ← a big deal
Computer Science majors	BiHall enjoyers
Inner peace	**War**
Cardamom Sour Cream Coffee Cakes	Black Pepper Tofu
Fireworks on campus	Break or bounce
Orthodox iconography	Bongs
Being fake rich	**Being fake poor**
Skibidi Fortnite	Chug Jug With You
Using Yelp like Letterboxd	Whining on Yik Yak
Going to bed hungry	The Grille
Ozempic	Divorce and/or therapy
Curtsying	**Smiling like an idiot**
Getting an "MRS" degree	Economics
Loose, unmarked pills	Tylenol
Lady-and-the-Tramping	Flirty blunt rotations



Further Reading

Die-tle IX: All Women's Die Tournament

"Lip gloss and Taylor Swift and The Notebook and tampons! Slay!

GIRL POWER, Page 5318008

Student Snaps at Notion of Cookies n' Cream Cookies

"YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR ATWATER DINING HALL! MARK MY WORDS, YOU WILL CRUMBLE BEFORE ME!"

WHAT? SECTION, Page (802) 443-5141

Scandinavian Club Now Named "Lightskin Club"

"We are honored to bestow the Scandinavian Lifetime Achievement Award upon our distinguished brother, Chris Brown."

HUMMUS Invades Israeli Cuisine

GEOPOLITICAL GASTRONOMY, Page 33

Dumbass Loses His Jacket at Party

"He wore a black puffer to a Toho party and threw it on the floor, what a brick."

IDIOT SECTION, Page 5

Athlete Discovers That NARPs Are "Just Like You and Me"

"My friend's roommate is a NARP, and I think he's just fine," says [insert sport here]-player

SPORTS PSYCHOLOGY, Page Blue-42